

THE LOUISVILLE WEEKLY JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXV.

WEEKLY JOURNAL
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT
ENTICE, HENDERSON, & OSBORNE,
JOURNAL OFFICE BUILDING,
Green street, between Third and Fourth.

Princeton, Paris, &c. ADVOCATE.—Daily Journal
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The above gentlemen are authorized to receive

for money due us for subscriptions to this paper.

MONDAY, APRIL 17, 1865.

There can be no doubt that J. Wilkes Booth, the distinguished actor, if not much, was the assassin who murdered President Lincoln, so he would be hung. We would gladly have him hung; so high that our people could see him by telescopes from all portions of the continent.

We have no doubt, that John Wilkes Booth, though a man of great historical genius, has a broad streak of baseness in his nature, but the evidence of his long-contemplated, deliberate, and well-contrived and terrible plot to commit crime and murder, all count in his favor.

On that he was twenty-million necks—now for the private thought and pleasure of the assassin, he is dead.

About thirty-three years ago, the elder Booth the father of Wilkes, Edwin, etc., came upon a theatrical engagement. He sent for us to hotel with many but very queer compliments. We went. He received no kindly, but strangely. In a little while he asked if we were "armed." "No, much," we said. "We are not," he replied. "We are unarmed." We drew from our pockets a spring-knife, presented to us two days before and gave it into his hands, showing him how it was to be used. He instantly raised it high and exclaimed in his tragic style, "What is to save you now?" We retired a step and replied, "What is to save me is your fear of this pistol!" He responded as in a most joyous laugh, "Oh I don't care for knives or pistols, what you know, but I wanted to find out if you were my friend." We told him that we had not far found him worthy of our friendship.

He then asked us to go up to his room and see some of his dearest friends. Having an awful prejudice against the sight of ghosts, we declined. He urged us. We yielded. We went with him, and he introduced us to twelve or fifteen roosters, hens, and pullets, his travelling companions through the country, saying that they were his dearest friends, and telling us of the uses of each. His solemnity was not sufficient. There was no hypocrisy in his soul.

The next night he was advertised for his third appearance at the Theatre. An immense crowd assembled. He didn't show himself. Impatience became irresistible, and the people in the house had their money returned at the door, as we passed down a cross-street, a well-known walk from a carriage exclaiming, "Hello! Hello! You are at the Theatre?" "Yes," we said. "What's the news?" "The news was that you are a tremendous fool!" "Did they see Booth?" "No, and Booth treated them like a dog!" "Ah, well, were they very much disappointed?"

Two days afterwards we were sent by the keeper of the city jail. Poor Booth was in his cage. He had been taken in a state of unconsciousness from the streets, and was still unconscious. He had blacked himself blinder than any negro in Kentucky. We urged him away from the city, and when he again apes to be behaved better, and spoke his mind to us.

We do not mention these evidences of paternal honesty as the slightest reason for the sparing of President Lincoln's murderers from the gallows. We mention them simply because, at a time like this, they may be interesting to many readers. As for the assassin, we repeat that he should, if possible, be hung higher than the clouds.

The New Farmer.—The sudden and startling news that President Lincoln has received a mortal wound in the office of the United States. On yesterday Col. Johnson, his Chase administered to him the Presidential seal.

Having sworn to "execute the laws," he said: "The duties are mine; I will discharge them, trusting in God." The ordinary solemnity of the occasion was immeasurably deepened by the peculiar circumstances attending this new inauguration.

The form of the dead President, taken down by assassination, was lying in state at the Capitol; the hearts of the people overburdened with grief, and the eyes of all the nation's friends filled with tears.

How reluctantly important the duties then assumed by Andrew Johnson! But said he, "The duties are mine; I will discharge them, trusting in God."

Fervently do we pray that he may prove himself worthy of this mighty task, for the cause of our bleeding country.

Andrew Johnson, forgetting for a moment, and devoting himself with singlemindedness to the duty of his great office, has now vowed to the whole country, he is now president of the United States, and in order to mask that right still longer, the law of July 13, 1861, was passed, empowering the President to close certain ports of entry. This was done to prevent the landing of rebels from the South.

The Government, as we believe, erroneously applied the law to the Southern ports; but this is not a "blockade"; the Southern ports, but this is not a "blockade" in the sense in which the word is used by writers on the law of nations.

The Southern ports were not obliged to remain closed off, or deprive a congre-

gation of its rights.

For the last two centuries, as the Washington Chronicle says, it has been established in the law of nations that paper blockades are neither legal nor effectual. If one nation proposes to blockade the ports of another with which it is at war, a mere proclamation is not sufficient.

The following is an extract from the leading editorial of the Philadelphia American and Gazette of the 17th inst.:

"There is a singular array of circumstances connected with this murder which are well calculated to confound—so the manner in which it was executed, the strange impunity enjoyed by the assassin in his escape, as though the plan had been deeply laid and skilfully carried into effect. Perhaps the most painful feature of the case is the want of a clear and exact account of the assassin from the reliable port of Amherstburg, Ontario, where he was born. Virginians who would not have harmed a fellow-slave in the world, and yet will still cry for vengeance. Vengeance! Why, what have they to pay for their dark deed? Can they render back his pure life by their's of perfidy and rancor? Can such as they pay down the price of the treasure they have stolen, or mend the golden bough that's broken at the fountain, and become invested with a power which it never before possessed. The holy cause of the Union will only be the hoier and dearer because of it. The real ruffian is the rebel chief. Place his fates upon the shoulders of his emissary, and we shall have an epilogue of the great tragedy."

The world will read it so. Ever will men see double figures stale at midnight, with blood spattered on their garments. Ever will they shrink before the brandished steel held by the burly hand of Booth, bearing the curse of his master and his master's name.

Men think they can better afford to be alone in their glory than in their shame. The dwellers upon Massachusetts Bay have been taken to fifty bimonths of clams a day, and in clammy weather a hundred and fifty.

We hear of sulphur weather. All sorts of weather are stupid to those who are themselves so.

"Who wouldn't be a wife?" softly says the happy young bride. "Who would?" directly claims many a matron.

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He is, however, constantly invited by Congress to do his bidding.

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